

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 57.—No. 50.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1879.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, Dec. 13,
at Three o'clock. The Directors beg to announce that they have arranged with Mr H. LESLIE for a performance by his Choir of MENDELSSOHN'S "ANTIGONE," for Male Voices and Orchestra, with other pieces on this day, the Last Concert of the series before Christmas. Vocalists—Mr Henry Guy, Mr B. Davis, Mr R. E. Miles, Mr Hervet D'Egville, Leslie's Choir; Reader—Mr Charles Fry. The Programme will also include:—Motet, "The Spirit also helpeth" (Bach)—first time at these Concerts; Psalm, "Judge me, O God" (Mendelssohn); Madrigal, "My bonnie lass" (Morley); Overture, *Ray Blas* (Mendelssohn). Vocalist—Mdlle Bredensteln (from Weimar)—her first appearance. Conductor—Mr HENRY LESLIE. Numbered Seats, 2s. 6d.; Unnumbered Seats, 1s.; Admission to Concert-room, Sixpence.

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Principal—Professor MACFARREN, Mus. D., Cantab.

The NEXT STUDENTS' ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at St James's Hall, on SATURDAY Evening, the 20th inst., at Eight o'clock.

There will be a complete Band and Chorus, formed by the Professors and the late and present Students, and the Choir of the Royal Academy of Music. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN.

The Programme will include Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*; Scenes (MS.). "Hero and Leander," which gained the Lucas Medal (written by G. Thomas, student); Overture, *MA* (Charlton T. Speer, student); Concertos, piano-forte, and violin (Beethoven, Chopin, and Mendelssohn), &c.

Admission, One Shilling. Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 5s., to be obtained at the Institution, and at St James's Hall.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.
Royal Academy of Music,
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WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

—Mr JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce that the FIFTH CONCERT of the FOURTEENTH SEASON will be given on WEDNESDAY next, at eight o'clock, when the following artists will appear:—Mdlle Edith Wynne and Miss Mary Davies; Mdlle Antoinette Sterling, Miss Marian McKenzie, and Miss Orridge; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Seligmann, and Mr Edward Lloyd; Mr Santley and Mr Maybrick. Piano-forte—Mdlle Arabella Goddard. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker. Conductors—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR and Mr HENRY PARKER. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets of Mr Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and at Boosey & Co.'s Ballad Concert Office, 295, Regent Street.

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By
M. W. BALFE.

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By
M. W. BALFE.

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LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

Benefit of Mdlle Eugénie Pappenheim.
Mdlle Trebelli.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), Dec. 13, WEBER's grand romantic Opera, "OBERON." Sir Huon, Signor Fancelli; Oberon, Signor Frapollit; Schenamin, Signor Pantaloni; Fatima, Mdlle Trebelli; and Rezia, Mdlle Eugénie Pappenheim.

In the course of the evening the National Anthem will be sung.

Doors open at Seven. The Opera will commence at Half-past Seven.

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STEINWAY HALL.

Mdlle JENNY VIARD-LOUIS'S FIRST MATINÉE

DE MUSIQUE DE CHAMBRE will take place on WEDNESDAY next, Dec. 17, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Mdlle Edith Touzeau and Signor Ghiberti. Instrumentalists—Mdlle Jenny Viard-Louis, M. Hollander, and M. Lasserre. Programme:—Sonata, Op. 19, piano and violin (Rubinstein); Aria, "All' Idea del tuo Periglio" (Pacsiello); Sonata, Op. 2, No. 3, piano alone (Beethoven); Sonata, Op. 65, piano and violoncello (Chopin); Aria, "Arpa Gentil" (Rossini); Trio, Op. 1, piano, violin, and violoncello (César Auguste Franck). Conductor—Mr CARTER. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s. Tickets may be obtained at the Hall, or of Mdlle VIARD-LOUIS, 4, Onslow Place, Onslow Crescent, South Kensington.

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Mdlle SAINTON-DOLBY'S VOCAL ACADEMY.—The

next CONCERT by the STUDENTS will take place at STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour Street, on THURSDAY Evening next, Dec. 18, at Eight o'clock. Performers—Miss Adela Vernon, Miss Woodhatch (her first appearance), Miss Henschel, Miss Waters (her first appearance), Miss Blackwell, and Miss Arthur, Miss Damian, Mrs Whyte, and Mdlle Mary Cummings. Piano-forte—Miss Margaret Gyde, R.A.M. Violin—Mr William Sutton, R.A.M. At the Piano-forte—Mr Lindsay Sloper and Herr Leipold. Conductor—M. SAINTON. Tickets, 5s. and 3s., may be obtained of Messrs Chappell, 50, New Bond Street; Messrs Ashbee & Holloway, Spring Street, Paddington; and of Mdlle SAINTON, at her residence, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park.

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MDME MARIE BELVAL will sing HENRY SMART's "THE LADY OF THE LEA," on Monday next, Dec. 15, at the Concert in aid of the St Peter's Italian Poor Schools, Hatton Garden.

"THE MESSAGE."

MR VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL's "THE MESSAGE," at the Concert given on the opening of the Holborn Town Hall, Dec. 22.

ASCHER'S "ALICE."

MISS NINA BRUNEL will play ASCHER's popular Fantasia on "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on Dec. 15, and six following days, at the Brighton Aquarium.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR E. BRYANT will sing (by desire) "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Mr John Queshire's Evening Concert, at the Eyre Arms, Friday, Dec. 19.

"THE LADY OF THE LEA."

MISS COYTE TURNER will sing HENRY SMART's admired Song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Lancaster Hall, Dec. 13; Limehouse, Dec. 16; and at the opening concert of the Holborn Town Hall, Dec. 22.

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CONCERTS IN VIENNA.

(Continued from page 778.)

No one, it is true, will think of asserting that a second Beethoven must necessarily spring butterfly fashion from the chrysalis Dvorak. We do not know whether the latter's luxuriant talent will attain complete mastery of plastic power in its most varied shapes, and raise itself from out the narrower circle of national ideas to the height of absolute and general art. Will subsequent works of his fascinate us as much by intellectual profundity and noble passion as the "Slavische Rhapsodie" captivates us by its brilliancy and vigour? We cannot say, though we believe we may hope for much more from one so peculiarly gifted. We look forward with pleasure to his "Serenade for Wind Instruments," which is promised by the Philharmonic, while, as for the "Rhapsodie," we feel convinced that it requires only to be heard a second time to advance from its half success to a complete success. It is, moreover, a magnificent performance of the Philharmonic artists, and has been got up with especial love by the Imperial *Capellmeister*, Herr Hans Richter. What a cry of joy from the violins; what nightingale strains from the flutes and clarionets, and, above all the tone-pictures, what a romantic interchange of light and shade, in which not one intermediate tint, from the tender red of dawn to the glowing mid-day sun, seemed to be wanting!

Of the various Quartet Societies this season, two have already begun their Soirées: first, Herr Winkler's brand-new Society, and then Hellmesberger's old and famous one. Herr Winkler (formerly a pupil of the Conservatory, and previously of Heissler, since dead) made an extremely favourable impression by the warmth and power with which he executed the difficult violin part of Brahms' F minor Quintet. This is one of the most difficult tasks in chamber music, and can probably be accomplished with all the clearness and certainty desirable only by much longer playing together. The whole needed the last polish, the Adagio being deficient in a clear rhythmic exposition, which, it must be owned, the composer has not rendered too easy for the executants. Herren Winkler, Stallitzky, Krentzinger, and v. Perger, made a very creditable beginning with the work, notwithstanding, and earned the warmest applause from a very numerous audience. The piano part gives the strongest male player quite enough to do, to say nothing of a young lady. Mdlle Johanna v. Seeman performed her task in a masterly manner, with astounding certainty and lasting power.

At Hellmesberger's first Soirée, also, it was a work by Brahms: a new Sonata for Violin and Piano, Op. 78, which excited the greatest interest among the public. It is evident that the more intimate acquaintance with the violin and with Joachim resulting from the Violin Concerto, and still re-echoing in the composer's breast, has called forth the new composition, which is thoroughly well devised and spun, as it were, out of delicate silver threads. More contemplative than passionate in character, it forms a perfect contrast to the Quintet in F minor above mentioned. While, in the Quintet, we wander about, driven by the powers of darkness in the stormy night, amid rocks, abysses, and roaring waterfalls, the Sonata introduces us to a calmer scene, where we stop and rest with a sort of melancholy satisfaction. Instead of the storm in the heart we have peaceful resignation; instead of craggy mountains, a cosy little village; and, instead of thundering cascades, the light patter of the warm summer rain. That the latter really plays a part in the Sonata is declared by the *finale*, the theme and accompanying figure of which is faithfully taken from the composer's "Regenlied" (Op. 59, Part I.). Indeed, the first movement (G major) commences with the three slow initial notes of the song, like, as it were, the earlier drops slowly beating on the window; but this motive is merely suggested cursorily. We find it, however, developed all the more significantly in the final movement (G minor, 4-4). The figure of the accompaniment, as it purrs evenly along, appears to repeat "Walle Regen, walle nieder, wecke mir die Träume wieder." But we have no literal repetition of Brahms' song, such as Schubert adopted in his songs, "Der Wanderer," "Die Forelle," and "Der Tod und das Mädchen" for some well-known instrumental works. Brahms abandons himself, as though unconsciously, to a reminiscence still working within him, and in the same frame of mind creates out of a similar leading motive

something new. This final movement, so ingenious and, at the same time, so clear and charming, belongs to the gems of Brahms' chamber-music. The first two movements are not developed with such freedom and originality. The stream of feeling is held back in that peculiarly well-considered, reflective style with which we are acquainted in similar works from the same pen. There is something undetermined and confused in them; the motives are almost afraid of bright colours and plastic forms—precious germs, which will not blossom forth properly into full and independent beauty. Brahms is fond of obliterating the contours of the melodies and of the rhythm by frequent syncopations, and accompaniments of triplets and sextets, as means of rhythmic delay. In the Adagio of the Sonata, the hearer sometimes feels uncertain where the strong part of the bar falls. This occasional obscurity must be partly attributed to Brahms' pianoforte playing, which, despite all its nobleness of character (perhaps from too much nobleness), neglects sharp rhythmical modelling, and more especially spares far too tenderly the little finger of the left hand. That this new Violin Sonata belongs to those important tonal creations which gain with every fresh performance, is a matter of course; it strikes us, moreover, as even better calculated for the delight of a private circle than for effect in a concert-room.

* * * * *

Nov. 30th.

At the same hour last Tuesday evening there were two concerts, one in the room of the Musical Union, and the other at Bösendorfer's. Both were given by ladies—one by Mary v. Preu (under the name of Da Ponte), vocalist; the other by Adele Margulies, pianist. Both strangers to me, they were both very warmly recommended. What was to be done? Two ways led out of this collision of concerts: to go to neither and thus slight neither of the fair artists (a plan tried ere this but not always unaccompanied by the stings of conscience), or to hear half of each entertainment. I resolved to pursue the latter path, the path of twofold virtue, and precisely at half-past seven I was attending Mdlle da Ponte's concert. There was a very distinguished audience, but the slowness with which they dropped in caused more than a quarter of an hour's delay, and with a feeling of excitement previously unknown, I kept pulling my watch out of my pocket. A beginning was made at last. The first piece was unfortunately a rather long-winded and not very diverting Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, by E. Grieg. We are acquainted with the Scandinavian mannerisms of this clever but monotonous composer, of whom, by the way, we have heard more original compositions than the work in question. The Sonata—Mendelssohn sewn up in the skin of a sea-calf—was played without any special spirit by a young lady, Mdlle Roboch, and a not much older professor, Herr Hellmesberger, Junr., and listened to by the audience in a corresponding mood. Then came the concert-giver, a tall, ladylike, young person, of pleasing and modest demeanour. It was evident that she quickly enlisted the sympathies of her auditors; indeed, she had already secured the sympathies of all who had heard of the brilliant names and the gloomy destinies connected with her. She sang the well-known air from Rossi's *Mitane* in a full contralto of extensive range. That her voice trembled perceptibly we must attribute to the great nervousness of one unused to publicity. Loud applause followed her song. Encouraged by this applause, she will certainly, I thought, give with greater calm and freedom from constraint the next number set down for her in the programme; she will—Good heavens! more than half-past eight! Not a moment is to be lost; I must start at once for the second concert. I get my overcoat, which I have only just taken off, from the cloak room, and hurry from the Herrengasse to the Musical Union. The road thither is neither short nor direct; in the Kärntnerstrasse I have regularly to fight my way; I am, perhaps, mistaken for a medical man hastening to visit a patient. Near the Operahouse, another musical critic, a friend of mine, comes hurrying along in the opposite direction; he is performing the double concert-tour in reversed order. A second and yet a third run against us in our passage, and there quickly springs up a series of short questions and answers, pretty well in the style of the walk at Easter in *Faust*: "Warum denn dort hinaus?"—"Wir geh'n hinaus auf's Jägerhaus!" "Wir aber wollen nach der Mühle wandern," &c. In a word: some are hurrying, all behind time, to Bösendorfer's, and others to the Musical Union.

An "überlustiger Gesell," some too exuberant youth (the membrane of whose tympanum still yearns for a third treat) even thinks of going, after the two concerts, and hearing the last act of the opera. At length, I reach my destination. I again quickly deposit my great-coat in the cloak-room and hasten upstairs into the small concert-hall. Mdlle Alt has just finished her last air, all that is still visible of her being the end of her train. But, standing quite at the extremity of the hall, I can yet hear the last piece, Rubinstein's Tarantella performed by Mdlle Margulies. What a pity! I am informed she has previously accomplished in Chopin's B flat minor Sonata one of the most ticklish of tasks in an admirable manner, and with her agile, light fingers brought out *prestissimo*, and yet with each note plainly marked, the whirlwindy *finale*. In the little I heard her play she struck me as possessing decided musical talent. Touch, rhythmic, the execution of the melodic passages, bravura—all work genuinely and originally to produce this impression. Though the last exhibition, Rubinstein's Tarantella—a regular banging match—may have been too much for her muscular strength, she is none the less an artist. The concert in the room of the Musical Union was over too early, and that in the Herrengasse began too late. The best pieces at both were sacrificed to the confounded walk. If by chance we are in future so blessed as to see the number of our concerts increase and some four or five given on the same evening, we shall scarcely be able to do without a new combination of localities. The best would be a kind of Musical Arsenal, or Concert-Barracks, with a suite of large rooms, adjoining one another, like the courts in the Palais de Justice, Paris, so that a man might during the intervals in one concert slip at once into a second, a third, and so on. The musical critics of the twentieth century will glide about from room to room at their ease, and, when they meet in the Salle des Pas Perdus, will perhaps tell each other the saga of the Critics' wild race between the Herrengasse and the Kärntnerring.

The performance at the Opera on the 20th inst. prevented me unfortunately from attending the concert of Mdlle Caroline Geisler-Schubert. Grand-daughter of Ferdinand Schubert, the elder brother of Franz Schubert; Mdlle Caroline Geisler-Schubert is, therefore, a young lady of "family." A pupil of Professor Door's, like Mdlle Margulies, and like her, too, distinguished by the first prize of the Conservatory, she already enjoys the reputation of being an admirable, and more especially very delicate, pianist. As we were informed, she performed with the most gratifying success at her concert Schubert's A minor Sonata, Op. 42, with smaller pieces by Schumann and Brahms.—We heard, also, a great many complimentary things about the concert of Mdlle Marie Pflger, already favourably known to lovers of music in Vienna.

—O—
EDUARD HANSLICK.

THE PARIS SALON FOR 1879.*

Going through the many rooms of the Salon is dreary; never was therein displayed so much quantity in the way of canvas, never perhaps so little quality. It appears that about 900 more pictures have been accepted this year than last. What the whole of the exhibition numbers I don't know—some thousands at least. However, it would be worth while to toil through any amount of daubs for the sake of beholding two particular works. In this show more than one great painter is manifested, but only one great artist, one only, and in his art the greatest living! This is Puvion de Chavannes, he is the author of those two works. The larger is called "*Jeunes filles au bord de la mer*." Three young girls, who have been bathing, are at the edge of the sea and the sun is going down. One of them, draped from the hips to the feet, is standing up towards the sunset with her back to us and drying her long hair in the evening wind; this is the principal figure and the centre of the picture; the lines in her, brought into relief by the sea and sky background, are majestic. Of the other two, who are lying on the sand, one, the counter-subject as it were, pillows her head and arm on a rock. That arm frames the face which looks straight at us, the other hangs listlessly down; it is an eminently beautiful, tranquil motive. The third maid, only partly seen, is also full of charm. She completes the chord. The chief thing in this picture is that calmness of great strength which pervades it; nowhere is there the slightest sign of effort; it is grand, calmly,

stilly grand, as a mountain or a giant in repose. And with this there is a simplicity of treatment which I don't know whether to call stern or childish, the simplicity of one that has something to say and that says it artlessly. In the present day it is too much the custom with poets and musicians, as well as painters, to ransack the world, the universe, and all infinity; people who have nothing to say invariably resort to this process; the weak then become violent, the heartless sentimental.

The other painting represents a scene in the "Prodigal Son" story:—"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

There is a bare-looking field, with a few leafless trees, stretching in greyness to the far blue hill, and the sky is grey, and everything is cold and lifeless. In the midst of the field, hard by a pool of dead-brown stagnant water, sits the youth upon a stone. The whole of him is in profile. His limbs are scantily covered by rags, and round the loins and knees is still a remnant of red finery, the faded hue of this tattered red garment making a lovely modulation in the pale landscape. He holds his arms close up to his bare breast as if to shelter him from the cold, and the eyes, with their wistful far-away look, the drawn mouth, the long, unkempt hair, the haggard face, are greatly touching. The face and attitude show that state of quasi-exultation produced by hunger; the sorrow, the misery, the shame are toned into a dreamy yearning for home and forgiveness. Pigs are to be seen about in groups, roving for cuds. I never saw such pigs; they are quite natural and like pigs, and yet as different from pigs we see every day as the second movement of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony is unlike the sound of a running brook. Instinct for eloquent relations in curves and colours includes correctness to Nature, but, at the same time, goes much further. Both these great works are subdued in tone, the latter is especially piano; and, as this is the general character of M. de Chavannes' colour, the Philistines, afraid to follow him in his path of originality, are troubled, and take refuge in calling him no colourist, untrue to Nature, &c.; the slow-thinking crowd don't seem to understand that a thing can be fine and good without being loud. And there is the difference between this painter and all other well-known painters of to-day: they, more or less, utter all kinds of confused noises as painting, the more brass the better as rich colour; whereas he makes music, usually quiet and slow but grand. The subject and subject-soul of a picture must speak through the harmonies of its lines and hues, for painting has its major and minor, can be lively or solemn, loud or soft, as much as music. But, now-a-days, most painters seem unknowing of this; and, while on every side we have lots of wonderful craftsmen and mechanics, it is seldom, indeed, that a master, breaking through the clouds of a senseless convention, can be seen and bowed down to. Puvion de Chavannes is a master. He is a true prophet. It is not by the Tower of Babel that he gets to Heaven.

Polkaw.

[But by the way of Whistler?—D. B.]

TOWN HALL, MANCHESTER.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Dr William Spark.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25th:—

(Afternoon.)

Organ Concerto, in G major	...	J. S. Bach.
Air varied, in D major	...	Beethoven.
Tocatta for the Organ, in D minor and major	...	Reinhold Suoco.
Air, in G major	...	Haydn.
Fantasia and Fugue	...	Buxtehude.
Organ Pieces	{ Evening Prayer, in A major }	Smart.
	{ Festive March, in D major }	

(Evening.)

Concerto, in A major	...	Handel.
Offertoire, in G major	...	Batiste.
Trumpet Voluntary, in D major	...	Purcell.
Old Gavotte, in G	...	Gossec.
Overture for the Organ, in D minor and major	...	Henry Smart.
(Dedicated to his friend Dr Spark.)		
Funeral March, in B flat minor	...	Chopin.
Concertstück for the Organ	...	Wm. Spark.
(Composed for and performed at the last Leeds Musical Festival.)		

* Delayed in transmission.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

There were several interesting features in the concert of Monday last, not the least important being the appearance of M. Sainton as leader of the quartet. Years ago the eminent French violinist was a more familiar figure in St James's Hall than he has been of late, and, very probably, not a few amateurs, while repressing curiosity as to the reason of his absence, have not failed to regret it. M. Sainton is an artist who ought not to be passed over in any arrangements for a season of chamber music. Respecting his general standing in the profession, and his great personal popularity, we say nothing now, because a man may be a capital fiddler, and everybody's favourite, without having the ability to lead a quartet in the manner exacted by Mr Chappell's patrons. But M. Sainton combines the third of these qualifications with the other two, and that in a sense which imparts peculiar strength to his claims. Every musician knows how much a great musical work having the delicate texture of a string quartet takes its tone from the temperament of the artist who holds the leading violin. Thus a composition played by Herr Joachim differs as much from the same piece played by Herr Straus or Mme Neruda as one individuality differs from another. The same thing obtains to a certain extent in the case of pianists, but the close connection of the violin with the performer, and its extreme sensitiveness to every shade of feeling, give it an identity wholly without parallel. Hence the obvious value of obtaining for the execution of chamber music a succession of artists, always provided that they belong to different schools and nationalities. By this means familiar works acquire a fresh interest, being presented in the legitimately varied lights emanating from the personality of their interpreters. A better illustration of the fact than that given in St James's Hall on Monday night could not have been desired, largely helped as it was by a choice of music peculiarly adapted to show M. Sainton at his best. Mendelssohn's Quartet in A minor (Op. 13) and Haydn's Quartet in G major (Op. 77) are exactly suited to his highest powers. They demand the *finesse* and the *verve*—we are compelled to resort to M. Sainton's native language for appropriate terms—which the French artist can supply to any extent, and those best appreciate who are most in sympathy with the spirit of the two composers. M. Sainton's playing in Mendelssohn's *Intermezzo*—a movement which no German by race could have written, and very few can properly execute—was daintiness itself, and helped to secure a unanimous encore. But the whole of both works gained in interest from M. Sainton's independent reading. It should be added that, in the absence of Signor Piatti through an illness which excites general regret, the violoncello was in the hands of Signor Pezze, an artist who, only less than his renowned compatriot, upholds amongst us the fame of the land of Paganini and Corelli. As the pianoforte solo, Mdle Janotha introduced Beethoven's Sonata in E minor (Op. 90), playing it in her usual thoughtful and finished style. But besides this rising young artist, two English ladies, Miss Hopekirk and Miss Ockleston appeared, and gave, on two pianofortes, Reinecke's "La Bella Griseledis" and Raff's well-known Tarentella. Such works as these are no test of a performer's highest powers, but they enabled the *debutantes* to show themselves capable of very brilliant execution. We hope, at some future time, to hear these ladies under conditions of a kind which, though more exacting, need not, we think, appal them. The vocalist was Miss Hope Glenn, who possesses an undoubtedly fine voice and a sympathetic manner. Sir Julius Benedict accompanied.—D. T.

NEW YORK.—Theodore Thomas directed the first concert this season of the Brooklyn Philharmonic. He was warmly greeted on taking his place in the orchestra. The programme comprised Beethoven's Symphony in C minor; fragments from Wagner's *Nibelungen*; and Hector Berlioz's overture to *King Lear*. Franz Rummel performed Tchaikowsky's Pianoforte Concerto in B flat minor, and Sig. Campanini gave something from *Die Walküre*.

LEIPZIG.—At the seventh Gewandhaus Concert M. Emile Sauret performed Benjamin Godard's Violin Concerto, a Ballad by Moszkowski, and a Scherzino of his own. The other pieces were Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* Overture; Carl Goldmark's symphony, *Ländliche Hochzeit*; Air from Max Bruch's *Odysseus*; and songs by Schumann and Schubert, the singer being Mdle Caspary, from Wiesbaden.

FROM PARIS.

(By an Occasional Correspondent.)

The only news concerning the Grand Opera this week is the *début* of M. Derheims in *Faust*. The snow, which for some time has fallen very deep here, prevented many from going to theatres during last week; nevertheless, there was a full house on Friday evening, when Gounod's work was performed. The new tenor to a certain extent has proved a *fiasco*. He sings out of tune; and, though at first one might think this the result of nervousness, it was not so, for during the evening he showed no improvement, ending as he had begun, and adding to this fault a continuous "tremolo." I must say, on the other hand, that his acting was fine, as also was his method of expression. He sang occasionally with an amount of feeling that could not fail to impress his hearers. In conclusion, M. Derheims' *début* has been premature. After a few years, when he sings with more steadiness, he may, perhaps, be an acquisition. The Mephisto was M. Gailhard, who sang throughout in true artistic style, notably in the Serenade, which narrowly escaped a *bis*. Mdle Heilbron, the Marguerite, sang with genuine sweetness and expression, though her voice is a little too weak for the music. Nevertheless, in the Trio of the last act she obtained unanimous applause from the audience, who had already called her several times before the curtain. The rest of the cast was as before. The scenic arrangements being superb and band in excellent condition.

The whole of Hector Berlioz's *Prise de Troie* was performed last Sunday at both the Padeloup and Colonne Concerts. The following was the cast at the Cirque d'Hiver:—

Cassandre, Mdme Chanton-Demeurs; Enée, M. Stephani; Chèrebe, Piccaluga; Asagne, Mdle Vadaud; Héube, Caron.

At M. Colonne's Concert at the Châtelet the following was the cast:—

Cassandre, Mdle Lesline (de l'Opéra); Enée, M. Pirvia; Chèrebe, Lamvers; Asagne, Mdme Paul Puget; Héube, Mdle Schad.

Although I was not able to be at the concert of the Conservatory last Sunday, directed by M. E. Deldevez, I append the programme:—

Symphony in C (R. Schumann); Fragments from *Fernand Cortez* (Spontini); Overture to *Coriolanus* (Beethoven); Chorus from *Israel in Egypt*, French edition by Sylvain Saint Etienne (Handel); Overture, *Carnaval Romain* (Berlioz).

M. E. Colonne, director of the Châtelet Concerts, is about to be decorated with the Legion of Honour. J. G. M.
Paris, Dec. 9th.

—o—

FEMALE ACTORS OF MALE PARTS.

(To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

SIR,—Your musical critic is wrong in thinking that now for the first time (in connection with Miss Lila Clay's company of "Lady Minstrels") an attempt is being made to eject men from the parts which legitimately belong to them in the drama. Female characters were, indeed, until Charles II.'s time played by youths; and that the stage must have lost greatly by this custom is sufficiently proved by the brilliant success gained by famous actresses during the last two centuries. For a good many years past, however, the tables have been turned against male actors. In operas and burlesques the parts of pages and young princes are now generally assigned to women. So also in the "legitimate drama" are the characters of Prince John of Lancaster, Fleance, Donalbain, and Prince Arthur. The part of Hamlet, moreover, has been played by more than one woman; and I have seen Romeo impersonated in Shakspeare's tragedy by Miss Cushman, and in Bellini's opera by Fräulein Joanna Wagner.—Your obedient servant,

November 29.

CONTRALTO.

[Many women have played Romeo, including among the rest Schroeder Devrient, Malibran, and her sister, Pauline Viardot. Is "Contralto" old enough to remember Mrs Glover's impersonation of Falstaff (*Merry Wives*), on her benefit night at the Haymarket Theatre—years ago?—D. B.]

STUTTGART.—Following the example set by the Vienna Männer-gesangverein, the committee of the Liederkranz here have resolved on presenting each active member of twenty-five years' standing with a gold ring.

"INTERVIEWED" OF COURSE.

(Continued from page 772.)

"Will you tell me how the 'Pinafore' was composed?"

"I had an awful time; I was very ill, you know. I used to get up and jot down ideas and go to bed; get up again and put down more ideas, and so on, and so it was done. Of course you know that's been the way with many compositions which have not the appearance of being anything else but happy-go-lucky work."

"How do you compose readily; that is, do you just sit down and write off the music, or how?"

"Any composer will tell you you can't do much either way. Composing is like working a coal mine; if you wait for the coal to come up to you you can wait for ever; but if you want to get any results you have to go down into the mine and work each vein out very carefully."

"Mr Gilbert, I suppose you know that you are coming from a 'Wicked World in an Island Home to a Palace of Truth in a Happy Arcadia, where the bosen tight and the midshipmite and the crew of the Nancg brig' are well known, and will you kindly tell me what your plans are?"

"I shall stay in New York with a very dear friend of mine, Mr Fred. Clay, the composer, and there I shall work."

"What at?"

"Oh, preparatory to the production of *Pinafore*."

"What part do you take?"

"I pay the strictest attention to every detail, and shall be stage manager." "The best in the world," remarked Mr Sullivan.

"Do you have any difficulty in getting your people to do what you want?"

"Not the slightest; that is, I tell them exactly what I want, and then if they won't do what I want, and the part fails, I lay the blame to them. Mr Coghlan in the *Sweetheart* wanted to dress and act the part according to the idea of a Bond Street swell of 1842, and I told him that was not my idea, but he wouldn't mind, and I think the piece failed through him."

"How do you like 'Pinafore'?"

"I haven't seen it; that is, from the front of the house. In fact, I haven't seen any of my plays since, seven years ago, I saw *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, and I don't expect to again. I seldom think a play is written or acted as well as it ought to be, and I am very sensitive about it. Vanity, I suppose it is."

"If you have time shall you go much to the theatre, Mr Gilbert?"

"Yes. I expect to go for about seven hours a day for some time; more perhaps. I shall be busy, of course, at rehearsals."

"What is your 'favourite child'?"

"Of course it's a failure—*Broken Hearts*. I always liked it, but the public didn't seem to. Perhaps the educated part of the public liked it, but you know a dramatist has to write for the general public. At home the cultivated man goes to the theatre and pays half-a-guinea, and the costermonger pays sixpence. Now, if I don't please the costermonger he says, 'Ere, I'm blowed if I've 'ad my money's worth!' and so he hisses his money's worth."

"Will you do any American 'Bab Ballads'?"

"I am afraid not. I think the vein's worked out. Yates wanted me to do something for his new magazine, *Time*. I tried some more, but they were failures."

"I don't think your readers thought so. 'Time's' Bab Ballads were re-published here in the 'World,' and were very much liked. Besides, this is a new field for you."

"I'm sure I would be glad to have the subject if I had the inspiration too."

"You have been here before, I believe. What year was it, may I ask?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about you. I was here eight years ago. I came over to make some arrangements, and I settled them down at Quarantine, and I needn't have landed, but I took a flying trip of five days, went to Boston, had a delightful time. I went to Wal-lack's Theatre and wanted to go in. I told the man I was 'Mr Gilbert.' 'No you aint,' he said. 'I guess not much.' You see he thought I was pretending to be John Gilbert, the actor. There was something said about my having had trouble there, but I hadn't the slightest, and that is the whole of the story. Perhaps I oughtn't to say I know all about you, having only been here five days, but you know some of our fellows come down here, stay about so long, then go back and write a book in three volumes about you, and such a man ought to know all about you, oughtn't he?"

"How do you work best, Mr Gilbert?"

"Always from 11 at night to 2 or 3 a.m. I can't work in the day, and I smoke cigars and have a 'peg' or two, and always in my own room. If I work anywhere else, pictures and things distract my attention when I look up."

"How do you work with Mr Sullivan?"

"Oh, we agree splendidly together, perfectly so. He writes a bit and I write a bit, and we both fit to each other. If I have a suggestion to make he always gives in." ("And if I have a suggestion to make you always give in," added Sullivan.) "We can't either of us write in cold blood to somebody else's work, and we just happen to match. But really, I am delighted to get here. I never saw anything so beautiful as the harbour this morning. Especially do I think this the land of immense promise, and will look upon it as a dramatic Canaan if we can induce managers to deal directly with us. I haven't anything to say against the managers, but simply against the laws."

The speakers had long since come on deck, and the steamer was far up the harbour. "Which is Jersey? which is Brooklyn?—and oh, there's New York. What a lovely, perfect day!" were some of the exclamations. "By the way," said Mr Sullivan, "I got the best of one of your young ladies this morning. She said she would arrive in the most beautiful Indian summer, and when we came up this morning I fell on the icy deck and told her that her Indian summer was more familiar than I thought, for it was just like an English winter."

By this time the boat was nearly in dock. Mr Gilbert put on a high-caped ulster, and Mr Sullivan a huge blue and fur-trimmed coat. Some friends came off to bid the visitors welcome, and as they came shouted, "Did you meet any Cyclones?" "We don't move in those circles," promptly replied Mr Gilbert. Soon they were landed, and the miseries of examination had to be undergone. Mr Sullivan sat quietly on a box smiling and talking. "How picturesque and pleasant everything is," said he, "but by Jove if I sit here much longer I shall take back what I have said about America." Time still passed on—"This is horrible," said he. "I never saw such disorder. They pitch your things everywhere and you can't find anything; why don't they do as we do." Soon came the disagreeable task of exposing the *Pinafore* score. Finally the examination ended and Mr Sullivan went off with his friends.

Mr Gilbert had a worse time with his luggage, massed in four different piles, and he was kept busy running to and fro. Patience is evidently a strong element in his character, for he did not swear when the few hundred cigars he had conscientiously disclosed were seized and carried off. He quietly whispered to the reporter, "Can't I tip him?" But Custom House examinations, like everything else, come to an end. His boxes were strapped, his duty paid, and he was allowed to go away with a single bunch of cigars in his pocket to his comfortable quarters near the New York Hotel. Both of the gentlemen were at the Union Club in the evening, and they will dine at the Lotos Club on Saturday night.

[And they did, as our readers were duly informed, by telephone —*Musical World*, page 761, Nov. 29.—D. T.]

TOE POLKAW.

Lord of the Castle of Brigstow.

O thou, or what remaines of thee,
Ella, the Darlynge of futurite,
Let this my song bolde as thie
Courage bee,
As everlastyng to posteritie;

When Daciae Sonnes,
Whose lockes of blonde Red hue
Lyke King Cuppes
Burstyng wythe the mornyng dewe,

Arranged in drear Arraie,
Upon the lethalle daie,
Spread far and wyde on Watchettes
shore,
There dydst thou furyouse stande
Ande bie thie burlic Hande
Besprenged all the Meeds wythe gore,

Drawne bie thie anlaxe felle,
Downe to the depthes of Helle,
Thousands of Daciae wente
Bristowanes Memme of myght,
Y'dar'de the blondye fyght
And acted deeds full Quente.

O thou wher'e thie bones at Reste
Thie spyrite to haunte delygtheth beste,
Whether'e upon the blonde embrewed
plaine,

Or where thou kennst from farr
The Horrid Crie of Warre,
Or seest some mou taine made of Corse
of Saine;

Or seest the hatched Steede
Yprannuyng oer the Meede
Ande Neyghe to bee amenge the
poynted speers,
Or in Blacke Armour Stalke arounde
Embattled Brystow once thie grounde
And glove arduous onne the Castle
Steers

Or fierie rounde the Mynstere Glare
Stylle lette Brystowe be made thie care
Garde it from foemenne and consum-
yng fyre,
Lyke Avons stream ensyrke ytte rounde
Ne lette a flame enharne the gronde,
Tylle inne one flame alle the whole
worlde expyre.

Rnut.

Yule Tide, in the Moneth of March.

M. Saint-Saëns will shortly visit Brussels to settle the cast of his opera, *Marcel*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society entered upon its forty-eighth year and its final season in Exeter Hall on Friday night, the 5th inst. The committee have informed the public in their prospectus why they are about to leave a building associated for so many years with the institution they manage, and amid much uncertainty as regards the society's future it is well to know that its present position arises from without, and not from within. We are authoritatively told of an understanding that the hall "will not be available for musical purposes after October next," which means, perhaps, that the proprietors, having other designs in view, do not intend to apply again for a licence. The society must perforce, therefore, quit its old home, and the necessity is one which, for various reasons, implies more than a simple change of locality. But it would be premature to discuss now the general question in which this matter is involved. Nothing, perhaps, has been determined, and till some resolution is announced we must wait, indulging a hope that means may be found not only of preserving the society's life, but of making it more useful and, therefore, more valuable than ever. We can ill afford to lose an institution with such a history and such resources for doing honourable service. That it is not perfect may be admitted; while that it has not in all respects been equal to its opportunities and faithful to its obligations is true. But these facts scarcely touch the source of the interest the society inspires. Lord Palmerston failed sometimes to give entire satisfaction, but when "Lord John" once exclaimed in the Commons, "We are all proud of him," the entire House applauded. Perusing the record of forty-eight years, we are all, in like manner, proud of our Sacred Harmonic Society, and its severest critics may be those who most earnestly concern themselves for its welfare.

The prospectus of the present season has been drawn up with a specific purpose in view, stated by the committee thus: "*They have made arrangements for a final series of concerts in Exeter Hall, comprising the most popular works of the society's repertory, which will be given on the same complete scale as in former years; and every possible effort will be made to render these concerts specially memorable in the history of music, no less than in that of the society itself, by their uniform excellence in every department.*" The propriety of the course thus stated lies beyond question, since not only does the society take a fitting leave of its old quarters, and bring to a striking close one era in its existence, but presents a bold and gallant front to those who contend—with how much, if any, truth, is not now in question—that it has become effete. The courage can hardly be measured which proposes to make a series of concerts "specially memorable in the history of music." Such a step could only be taken by courage akin to rashness, but the ring of it appeals to every man's sympathies, and no one will refuse the society a prayer for a "good deliverance." The works chosen for this important campaign are, besides *Judas Maccabeus* (which was performed on Friday), *The Messiah*, the oratorio version of Rossini's opera *Mosé*, the *Lobgesang*, *Last Judgment*, *St Paul*, *Elis*, *Elijah*, *The Creation*, and *Israel in Egypt*. These may certainly be taken as "among the most popular in the Society's repertory," and not a word can be said against their selection for the purpose intended. Equally beyond criticism was the choice of Handel's warlike oratorio wherewith to begin a special season under conditions of "pomp and circumstance." *Judas Maccabeus* is one of those works which will bear any amount of force, and upon it all the resources of the Exeter Hall band and chorus can be employed with gain rather than loss of effect. The first night's experience fully illustrated this, for players and singers in imposing numbers worked with an energy that must have proved to the committee how much the rank-and-file sympathise with their intentions. The performance was, without doubt, above the average, albeit one or two blemishes detracted from its merit. These, however, were not important, and, as regards the choruses, it may be said that the promise of superior excellence was substantially redeemed. The solos were entrusted to Mdme Sherrington, Misses Julia Wigan and Julia Elton, Messrs Lloyd, Montem Smith and Bridson, nearly all of whom had been heard together in the same oratorio on previous occasions. Mdme Sherrington sang throughout with great spirit and effect, obtaining much applause for her delivery of "From mighty kings," and generally winning the tribute which is the due of a real artist. Miss Wigan, who appeared to be somewhat nervous, did good service in the duets, by an unaffected yet, withal, refined rendering of the music, while in the air "So let the lute and harp awake," the facility of her execution won cordial approval. On her part, Miss Elton simply had to repeat the success she always gains in *Judas*, and this she did with ease, especially in the devotional song, "Father of Heaven." Mr Lloyd, as usual, carried off high honours, singing with splendid ease and power throughout; while the music allotted to Messrs Bridson and Montem Smith was efficiently

rendered in every case. Sir Michael Costa conducted with particular care and even unwonted spirit. It is needless to add that the appearance of Sir Michael on the platform was a signal for loud and long applause both from audience and performers.—D. T.

SOUTH LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

This society, which had once or twice before migrated from region transpentine to St James's Hall, did so again on Friday evening, and gave a concert that, in point of merit, certainly justified the choice of a conspicuous locality, and warranted almost any measure of boldness. Under the competent direction of Mr Leonard C. Venables, the choir progresses fast,—a result the more important just now, because the highly trained body over which Mr Henry Leslie has so long presided is on the point of breaking up. We see no reason why Mr Venables and the South London singers should not, in a measure, take the place of Mr Leslie and his people. They are competent to almost anything that can be demanded of them, and their performances are marked by a degree of refinement and taste that, under the stimulus of a conspicuous position, would develop into absolute excellence. On Friday evening the choir sang a number of part songs, glees, and choruses, so as to give entire satisfaction. Some of these were by no means easy, as, for example, Lahee's "Hence, loathed Melancholy," Pinsuti's "The sea hath its pearls," Benet's madrigal "Thyrsis, sleepest thou?" and Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song." The capacity of the singers was best proved, however, by their rendering of an unfamiliar and exceedingly French chorus, the work of M. Laurent de Rille, who composed it as a test piece for the Orpheon Societies taking part in the international competition of 1867. This piece has a gipsy subject, and aims to be both descriptive and characteristic, but the difficulties presented had been fully mastered in rehearsal, and the performance deserved even more than the recognition it obtained. Without following the choir through all the concerted music in the programme, we may say generally that it won renewed recognition as a well drilled and competent body. The solo vocalists were Miss Annie Marriott, who was heard in Gounod's "Worker" and Ardit's valse "Beauty sleep," for the second of which she obtained an encore; Mr Barton McGuckin, who sang in his best style "Good-bye, sweetheart," and was asked to repeat "The Anchor's Weighed," but substituted "Come into the garden, Maud;" and Mr Santley, whose "O ruddier than the cherry" and "Vicar of Bray" excited the usual enthusiasm, an encore being demanded in each case. Mr Brinley Richards appeared as solo pianist, playing Chopin's study in C sharp minor, his own very pretty Tarantella, and two pieces founded on national Welsh airs. The Tarantella pleased so much and was so well given that the audience encored it. Mr Richards, however, substituted another work.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The brief super-supplementary season comes to an end to-night, a week earlier than was generally anticipated, the opera selected being *Oberon*, "for the benefit" of Mdme Pappenheim. Last night it was to be *Lohengrin*, "for the benefit" of Miss Minnie Hauk; and on Thursday *Mignon*, "for the benefit" of Mdme Marie Roze. There were two operas on Wednesday—*Lohengrin* in the afternoon, with an *Elsa toute neuve*, in the person of Mdme Hélène Crosmond (how many more Elsas?); and in the evening *Il Trovatore*, originally announced as "for the benefit" of Mdme Trebelli, who nevertheless, with commendable taste, declined the honour; so that both of Wednesday's representations, together with Monday's *Don Giovanni* and Tuesday's *Carmen*, may be assumed to have been exclusively "for the benefit" of the management. It is surely time that this comedy of "benefits" was abandoned, inasmuch as no one now attaches any importance to them. In the olden time a benefit given under the name of any individual artist really meant a benefit to the account of that artist; but this custom has long passed away, and the expression has become no better than an empty phrase. The opera advertised for this morning is *Carmen*, in which Miss Minnie Hauk is once again to assume a character that should never have been taken away from her. On the whole, the prevalent system of allotting conspicuous parts now to one singer, now to another, is not a happy one, and by no means conduces to permanent success. How many Aidas, Mignons, Zerlinas, Elsas, Carmens, &c., we have had of late it is hard to remember. On Thursday, January 10, Her Majesty's Theatre re-opens its door to admit Mr Carl Rosa with his company, and it is to be hoped a large influx of amateurs who have the capacity to appreciate and the inclination to enjoy what, judging from experience, are likely to be thoroughly good because thoroughly well prepared performances. To Mr Rosa the musical public will naturally look for Goetz's promised *Taming of the Shrew*, with Miss Minnie Hauk, the original at Berlin, as the heroine.—G.

To Him of 68 years.

BY SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

Mlle Marimon has at length made her appearance. She was received with great enthusiasm, and has at once made her mark. Throughout the opera the applause was continuous, and at the end uproarious.—(From our special correspondent at New York.)

Nature's new Boon.

List, list, O List!

THE age of youthful prodigies in music has not yet passed.

It is true that at present we have no Mozart and no Mendelssohn, but only a few weeks have elapsed since Master Maurice Dengremont astonished connoisseurs by playing the fiddle at fourteen like a master of forty; and now news comes of another wonder-child, who is a year younger than Dengremont, but quite as expert upon his particular instrument, the pianoforte. The latest marvel happens to be both deaf and dumb, and this will not tend to lessen the interest taken in his performances. A pianist unable to hear himself play occupies, if he belong to the "higher development" school, a position of special advantage. He cannot be

harassed by wrong notes inevitable from the gymnastics of his profession, nor can his soul be harrowed up by the remarkable combinations of sound and fury that must needs pass with him for music. We do not know into whose hands the deaf and dumb marvel has fallen; but, if the agonisers of the pianoforte possess him, it is clear that nature has shown herself careful to equip the lad for his special work. What if this should be the beginning of one of those conservative measures which the "great mother" is never loth to devise for the good of her children? Whenever the skin of the body is exposed to contact with rough surfaces, it invariably thickens and hardens. In like manner, may not deafness supervene upon the continued assaults of modern "pianism"? By-and-bye, perhaps, we shall find it spreading among audiences, whose only consolation in life will then be to run after pianoforte "lions" and reflect, while witnessing superhuman struggles with the key-board, upon the happy fate which has made inaudible the accompanying noises.

NO LAW FOR WAGNER.

(Down with the tyranny of the Lex-families!)



Some time since, Wagner brought an action against the manager of a theatre in St Petersburg, to recover damages and a percentage on the receipts for having performed *Lohengrin* without due authorisation, but the court decided in favour of the defendant, on the ground that no law protecting literary property exists between Russia and Germany. It is probable, however, that Wagner will yet be victorious.

"At the especial wish of the Cezarewitch," the High Court of Appeal, to which the action had been carried, have considered the case with more than ordinary care, and, drawing a distinction between a literary work and a musical work, reversed the judgment of the court below, condemning the defendant to pay the amount claimed, with costs.



THE *Pall Mall Gazette* informs us that, "after many negotiations between the Royal Academy of Music and the National Training School for Music, the principle of amalgamation which has been for some time under consideration, has been assented to by both these institutions—in the one case, as it appears, by a large majority, in the other unanimously."

"In the other unanimously"—of course; but who informed the *Pall Mall Gazette*? D. Petrs.

OPERA ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

TRUTH is responsible for the following (December 11, 1879):—



"The new company which contemplates carrying to a successful issue the Operahouse on the Thames Embankment is formed on the following lines. The capital is to be £160,000. Of this, £45,000 is to go to the present owners in consideration of their having spent £90,000. The capital is to be divided into 1,600 shares of the value of £100 each. These shares will, it is estimated, return 5 per cent. interest, the theatre being let to Mr Mapleson. They are to constitute a tontine, each holder of a share nominating a life over 60, and the nominator of the surviving life to become owner of the theatre. In addition to this, 100 stalls are to be placed at the disposal of the shareholders, and thus in sixteen years each shareholder will have one year's right to a stall, which, if he does not use himself, he may let. I shall be glad to see this Operahouse completed, for in the matter of a show theatre we are behind most continental capitals, and the gambling element imported into the scheme will, I should hope, lead to 1,600 persons coming forward with their £100 a-piece."

Sixteen years?—well, sixteen years are gone before we can count them; nevertheless, at present—

*Non ebur, neque aureum
Mea vendet in domo lacunar, &c.*

G. B.

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT MADRID.

"Mme Nilsson's many friends in England will hear with pleasure that her *début* at Madrid on Thursday was one of the greatest triumphs of her career. The opera was *Faust*. A letter which reached here this morning says that this *début* was quite an event among the marriage *fêtes*, and that it had produced an extraordinary excitement; the King and Queen, the Archduchesses, the special ambassadors, and all the illustrious people of Spain were present. The Teatro Real, which is one of the largest houses in Europe, was crammed from floor to ceiling. Mme Nilsson was enthusiastically received on appearing, and carried the house altogether away by the first notes she sang. After the Garden scene she was re-called three times, and three times also at the end of each following act, their Majesties joining in the applause, which at certain moments was almost frantic. Never was there a more brilliant success."—*Paris Correspondence of the Times*.

MME ADELINA PATTI has been continuing her artistic triumphs at Berlin in various operas, *La Traviata*, *Lucia*, and *Faust* among others. All obstacles to her fulfilling her engagement at Paris, in the early part of next year, are removed; so that the Parisians, who gave her so splendid a reception at the Trocadéro but lately, will have further and frequent occasions of applauding the goddess of their idolatry.

It is affirmed on good authority that Herr Lassen has declined the honour of succeeding Dr Hans von Bülow as musical director at the Hanover Opera. Herr Lassen probably thought that he might not get on more easily with Herr Schott, the imperious Wagnerian tenor (with whom Mr Carl Rosa ere long will have to deal), than his impetuous predecessor. "Ware instinct"—says Falstaff—"Instinct is a great matter."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Mr George Grove (the immortal "G.") has resigned his place among the Board of Directors who control the management of the Crystal Palace. This alone is sufficiently to be deplored. But if, as well (or as ill), he discontinues contributing those interesting and masterly analyses which have helped more than anything else to make the Sydenham audiences musical, it will be a loss not only to the Crystal Palace, but to art itself. Perish the thought!

THE Berlin *Echo*, established twenty-nine years, will cease to appear after the present month.

H.M.S. Pinafore, with the book translated into Russian, will shortly be performed at St Petersburg and Moscow.

THE *Signale* speaks of *H.M.S. Pinafore* as "the new sensational American buffo opera." And this is fame!

HERR LASSEN has declined the post of *Capellmeister*, vacant by the resignation of Herr Hans von Bülow, at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

THURSDAY, the 27th November, was the twentieth anniversary of Mad. Adelina Patti's first public appearance—in *Lucia*, at the Academy of Music, New York.

MR HENRY JARRETT has returned from Paris, where he successfully negotiated and made the engagement of Mdlle Marimon for Mapleson's operatic company at New York.

SIR JOHN GOSS.—The friends and admirers of this distinguished English musician, who are legion, will much regret to hear that he has for some time been very seriously indisposed.

AT the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, a burlesque on *H.M.S. Pinafore* has been produced. It is entitled *Her Majesty's Little Cats and Kittens*, and two hundred children, made up as cats, appear in it.

MAD. ADELINA PATTI's second engagement—when she appeared in *La Traviata*, *Lucia* (twice), and *Faust*—at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, was as brilliant a success as the first.—The Emperor Wilhelm has conferred on her the Gold Medal for Art and Science.

THE following composers died in December: G. S. Mayr, Bergamo, the 2nd, 1845; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Vienna, the 5th, 1791; Giovanni Pacini, Pescia, the 6th, 1867; Adrian Willaert, Venice, the 7th, 1562; Saverio Mercadante, Naples, the 17th, 1870; and Luigi Ricci, Prague, the 31st, 1859. (A goodly number more might be added to this list.—DR BLIDGE.)

THE success of M. Maurel as Hamlet on the occasion of his *début* at the Grand Opéra has been fully confirmed by two subsequent performances. The Paris papers are unanimous in his favour. M. Maurel's next part is to be Don Giovanni, in which he will again tread in the footsteps of M. Faure. He need hardly dread the ordeal. His position at the first French lyric theatre is now assured.

ACCORDING to the *Gaulois* there is a project in hand to erect a new and splendid theatre for the performances of Italian opera, somewhere between the Rue Lafitte and the Grand Opéra, at the cost of 12,000,000 francs, a rich financier purchasing the ground, valued at 2,000,000, which will be his contribution to the scheme. Truth is, the Parisians are ashamed, the Théâtre Ventadour having been demolished, that there should be no other appropriate building to replace it; for, after all, Italian opera was the entertainment most patronised by the higher classes.

WRITING in the *Dresdener Nachrichten* on Mdme Patti, Ludwig Hartmann says:—"Just as we think of spring, which we do not criticise, but accept with open heart as a gift from Heaven, so do we think of the singing of Mdme Patti. She does not, properly speaking, sing; she is musical tone incarnate; she breathes the breath of song, without making any effort, enchanting all full of deep feeling, or excited by passion. She pours it forth: always without in the slightest degree reminding us of vocal mechanism, any more than does the warbling of the lark or of the nightingale."

NEW YORK journals, which have hitherto been anything rather than indulgent to Mr Mapleson's Italian Opera Company at the Academy of Music, speak highly of the production of *Aida*, in which Mdlle Ambre assumes the character of the heroine, Miss Cary (a contralto who may be remembered at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane) plays Amneris, Signor Galassi is the Amonasro, and Signor Campanini the Rhadames. Verdi's great work drew full houses when originally brought out by Mr Maurice Strakosch, at the same theatre, with a very different cast, and bids fair to prove as attractive as before. If Mdlle Marimon, who was to make her *début* in the *Sonnambula*, hits the American taste, as is more than probable, she being not only an accomplished artist but a stranger to the other side of the Atlantic, Mr Mapleson's season may have as prosperous a termination as it had an unpropitious beginning.

CONCERTS.

THE second of Messrs Carrodus and Howell's admirable Subscription Concerts, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, took place on Thursday evening, December 4. The programme—full of interest as usual—comprised Beethoven's trio in D, Op. 9, for stringed instruments only, executed with consummate artistic skill by Messrs Carrodus, Burnett, and Howell; a very musician-like Quartet by Mr Ebenezer Prout, for pianoforte and strings (Mr W. Henry Thomas sustaining the pianoforte part with marked ability); and Brahms' quartet in A minor, Op. 51, No. 2, by Messrs Carrodus, Nicholson, Burnett, and Howell—another performance eliciting and meriting unqualified praise. Mr Howell introduced two violoncello pieces by F. Lachner—"Nocturne" and "Tarantello"—both of which pleased the audience, the last so much that Mr Howell was compelled to repeat it. The singer was Mdme Patey, who gave Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn" and Mr J. L. Rockel's "Gott mit dir" in her most eloquent style. In response to an "encore" for the last, Mdme Patey substituted "The old, old story." Besides taking part in Mr Prout's quartet, Mr W. H. Thomas accompanied the vocal music with his well-known ability.

MR W. F. TAYLOR, organist of the Parish Church, Battersea, gave a concert in Lamma's Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 25. The singers were Miss Jennie S. Warde, Mdme Arnott, R.A.M., Miss and Master Taylor, Messrs John Parry Cole, R.A.M., and S. King. The instrumentalists were Mr Ernest Gaskin, Mr W. F. Taylor, and his youthful family. The selection of music evidently gratified the audience. Miss Warde had to repeat "Twickenham Ferry," and Mdme Arnott "The Lost Chord." Mr Cole gave two of his "humorous" songs. Mr King was encored in Mr Taylor's "Nancy Jane," and Mr Gaskin's performance of the same composer's characteristic piece, "Crystal streamlet," was warmly applauded. Three of Mr Taylor's family, aged, respectively, 12, 10, and 9 years, played with remarkable precision the "andante and rondo all'ongarese" from the well-known trio in G by Haydn. Master W. F. Taylor gave Raff's Cavatina in F, for violin, and Master C. H. Taylor a "Romance," for violoncello, the composition of his father. Both joined the other members of the family in the overture to *Masaniello*, and an arrangement of English, German, and Russian airs, aided by Miss Edith (aged 6) on the tambourine and triangle, and Mr Taylor on the harmonium. Besides the foregoing, Master Taylor sang "Angels ever bright and fair" and, with his sister, "I know a bank." The concert was under the patronage of the Vicar of Battersea, the members for the county, and many of the leading families in Wandsworth, Clapham, &c., who were present.

THE annual ballad concert in aid of the funds of the Clerkenwell Benevolent Society, was held on the first inst., at St Mary's Hall, Islington. An audience that crowded every part of the building to listen to Mmes Sherrington and Patey, Misses Annie Marriott

Emily Paget, and Butterworth, Messrs Edward Lloyd, Henry Guy, and Thurlay Beale, with the talented Paggi family. Encores were abundant, but being accorded to old favourites in old established songs no detailed accounts is requisite. An agreeable feature in the programme was the well-known quartet from *Rigoletto*. Mme Sherrington made a hit in a new song by Francesco Berger, called "One; two; three," being compelled to return twice to the platform. The song had the advantage of being accompanied by the composer.—A. B.

MISS BLANCHE PAIGE'S concert took place in the Allen Street School Rooms, Kensington, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 26, with the vocal assistance of Mme Alice Barth, Misses Paige, Jennie Rosse and Marion Severn, Messrs Chaplin Henry, John Rogers and G. Buckland. The instrumentalists were Miss Bessie Waugh (pianoforte), Mr C. Arlige (flute), and Mr F. C. Pritchard (Harp). Miss Paige sang a ballad by Mr C. H. R. Marriott, entitled "Rest," and another by Mr G. Buckland, "Hope and joy," joining Mme Barth and Miss Severn in Cimarosa's "My lady, the countess," and Mr Buckland in Fioravanti's "Singing Lesson." Loud applause was elicited on each occasion. Among the best vocal performances of the evening were Gluck's "Che farò?" and Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea," by Miss Jennie Rosse, who possesses a contralto voice of rich quality. Bishop's "Bid me discourse," contributed by Mme Alice Barth, was also deservedly successful.

On Friday, December the 5th, Mr Oberthür gave one of his artistic "At homes." Although the weather was inclement, his rooms were filled with an appreciative audience. Mr Oberthür was heard in his well-known arrangement of *Airs from Les Huguenots*, for harp and pianoforte, as well as in his *concertante* (so admired abroad), arranged for the same instruments, his coadjutor being a lady amateur. A sparkling *moreau* for the harp alone completed the performances of Mr Oberthür, whose recent illness and the outrage of which he was the object a short time since (*Musical World*, page 673, October 25) have, happily, not deprived him of his manipulative skill, or impaired his powers of expression. Mr Oberthür was assisted by Mad. Viard-Louis, whose performance of Chopin's *Polonaise in C sharp minor* and an arrangement of Mendelssohn's first *Pianoforte Concerto in G* gave the utmost satisfaction. Mr Frederic Penna sang "The Raft," by Signor Pinsuti, and Elliott's setting of Campbell's lines, "To the Clouds," with equal success. A young and clever French lady was also heard to much advantage in Oberthür's "Je voudrais être."—A. B.

A CONCERT was given at Laminas Hall, Battersea, on Monday evening, December 8, in aid of the Benevolent Fund of the Battersea Tradesmen's Club. The singers were Misses Meddick, Mary and Emma Webb, Annie Wade, Griffiths, Lena Heine, Griffiths, and J. Burwell, Messrs Massey, Sturt, Donaldson, Morton Taylor, and Charles Wilson. The instrumentalists were Mr E. Sturt, Misses Rackstraw, Elmslie, and Heine (pianists), Mr Pipe (violinist), and Miss Annie Wade (harpist). Singers and players were chiefly amateurs, and the audience, judging from the applause, were pleased with their exertions. Among the most successful vocal pieces were an old English song, "The Mermaid" (Mr Sturt) and Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" both sung by Mr Leonard Poynter and both encored. Mr E. Sturt was the accompanist.

At the Crystal Palace concert of to-day the programme—a most interesting one—includes the choruses from Mendelssohn's *Antigone* and a miscellaneous selection, comprising an unfamiliar motet by J. S. Bach. Mr Henry Leslie's choir, under the direction of Mr Leslie himself, will assist. The concert is to be exclusively choral.

MR MANNS has gone to Glasgow, to look about him with anxious polycoscopy. He has undertaken a task about which Mr Arthur Sullivan, Dr Hans von Bülow, aye, and Mr resident Lambeth, could tell him something. Mr Manns, however, is the right man in any right place.

THERE is but one voice as to the brilliant success of Mme Christine Nilsson at the Royal Theatre, Madrid, where she made her *début* as Marguerite in *Faust*. The papers are as enthusiastic in her praise as the public in their applause. Among the keenest appreciators of the talent of the accomplished Swedish songstress are, it is stated, the King and Queen of Spain.

NAPLES.—W. Friedrich, whose full name was Wilhelm Friedrich Riese, died on the 14th November in this city, where he had resided for fourteen years. He adapted a vast number of French farces and comedies for the German stage, besides writing the librettos for Flotow's *Martha* and *Stradella*.

PROVINCIAL.

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD (HERTS).—The annual concert of Mr Parsons took place in the Town Hall, December 2, attracting a large audience. The artists were Misses Jessie Royd and Marie Belval, Messrs Langton, Fletcher, and C. J. Bishenden. The Right Hon. the Earl Brownlow, Sir A. P. Cooper, Bart., Hon. G. F. Ryder, Countess Brownlow, Lady Osborne, Lady Cooper, Lady Sebright, &c., were amongst the patrons. The songs of Marie Belval were much appreciated, Miss Royd's voice also showed to advantage, and the "Keel Row" duet by the two ladies was very much liked. Mr Bishenden distinguished himself in "The Outlaw," "The Friar of Orders Grey," "The Stirrup Cup," and, for one of his encores, "My old friend, John." It was the general opinion that he was in fine voice, and deserved the marked applause he received. Mr Parsons' two sons showed talent in the trio, "Les Huguenots," with their father. Altogether the concert was successful.

HINCKLEY (LEICESTERSHIRE).—Mr Charles J. King's concert at St George's Hall on Monday evening, December 8, was well attended. Mr King, highly esteemed in this town, is organist of the parish church, and also a skilled pianist, as was shown by his performance of Chopin's *Polonaise*, Op. 40, Weber's "Moto continuo," &c. Mr King was assisted by several amateurs, amongst whom may especially be praised Mrs H. Clarke (contralto), the Rev. Mr Evans, and the Rev. Mr Aylward. Mr King had, moreover, the co-operation of Mr C. Oberthür, the well-known harpist, who played several of his most effective solos, and, with Mr King, two of his popular duets for harp and piano, being called back after each. Mr King intends giving during the winter months a series of lectures on the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other classical composers, to be "illustrated" by competent artists from London and elsewhere.

CHELLENHAM.—The sixth Saturday Promenade Concert for the season was held at Montpelier Rotunda, on Saturday, November 29, and, as it was the Eve of St Andrew, a programme of Scotch music, vocal and instrumental, was provided. Mr W. H. Cummings was engaged, but was too ill to attend. Mr Davies did his best to make the fact known throughout the town, and at the concert declined to take money in cases where visitors attended with the hope of hearing Mr Cummings sing. He also procured the services of Herr August Lortzing, of Cheltenham, while at Mr Cummings' request, one of his most accomplished pupils, Mdlle Alice Roselli, came down from London and sang to the great pleasure of the audience. Mr R. Blagrove played his "Recollections of Scotland" and "Fantasia on Scotch airs" on the concertina. Bretherton's band was also engaged, and Mr A. von Holst accompanied.

EDINBURGH.—Sir Herbert Oakeley gave an organ recital on Friday afternoon, Dec. 5, in the Music Class Room to a large audience, amongst whom were Lady Elphinstone, Lord Curriehill, Lady Moncreiff, Hon. G. Waldegrave Leslie, Hon. Mrs Gardyne, Hon. Mrs Walker, Sir Charles Wyville Thomson, &c. We subjoin the programme:—

Adagio and Fugue, in A major (Corelli); Air, "Verdi prati," *Alcina*, and Chorus, "Cheer her, O Baal," *Ataliah* (Handel); Andante Cantabile, Sonata No. 10 (Mozart); Adagio, Sestett, Op. 8 (Beethoven); Menuetto e Trio, "Trianon," Op. 16, No. 6 (Kowalski); "Abendröthe," Idyll, Op. 50, No. 2 (Merkel); Gavotte, Violin Sonata, No. 2 (Bach); March, "Cornelius" (Mendelssohn).

WARRINGTON.—Handel's *Alexander's Feast* was performed here on Monday evening, Dec. 8, under the direction of Dr Hiles of Manchester. The chorus and orchestra, several of its members coming from Manchester, were equal to their work. The principal vocalists were Miss Catherine Penna, Messrs Trelawny Cobham and Frederic Penna. Some recitatives were accompanied only by the organ, at which Mr Pattison presided. The second part comprised vocal solos, a duet, a trio, a part-song by Hatton, and Prout's chorus, "Hail to the Chief," accompanied by the orchestra. Miss Catherine Penna was encored in a new song by Boyton Smith, "For ever and a day," as was Miss Isabel Chatterton in an old song, "The Lady of the Lea." Mr Cobham in "For love alone," from *The Sorcerer*, and Mr Frederic Penna in "The Raft," were equally successful. "La ci darem," by Miss Catherine Penna and Mr Frederic Penna, made, perhaps, the strongest impression of the evening. Dr Hiles was both accompanist and conductor.

The pension awarded by the Ministère des Beaux-Arts to Mme Roger, widow of the once renowned tenor, is not, as has been stated, 12,000 francs but only 1,200; whereas the fund required for carrying out the scheme of the Wagner-Bayreuth Association, for the production of *Parsifal* and the celebrations of Wagner and his deities periodically to come out of it, is not 100,000, but 1,000,000 marks—just twice as much.

THE LATE MR BARKER.

Charles Spackman Barker, the well-known inventor of the pneumatic lever for lightening the touch of large organs, died on Wednesday, the 26th ult., at Maidstone—where he had been lately residing—after a short illness, in his seventy-fourth year, and was buried at Snodland on the following Saturday.

Mr Barker was born at Bath on the 10th October, 1806, and originally brought up to the medical profession, but, being present on the occasion of the erection of an organ by a London organ builder, he determined on following that occupation, and carried on business for some time in his native city. About the year 1832 he heard of the large organ building in London for York Minster, and seeing the immense labour it would be to play on such a gigantic instrument if constructed in the ordinary way, turned his attention to the means of overcoming it. This he proposed to do by a pneumatic lever—a small bellows inflated by air of a high pressure applied to every key—thus reducing the resistance to a minimum; but, unfortunately, he did not succeed in getting it in this instance adopted. In 1841 he went to Paris, where a large organ for the Abbey of St Denis was then building by Cavallé-Coll, who at once saw the importance of Mr Barker's invention, secured his services, and immediately applied it to that instrument, and it has since been introduced in all the largest organs built both in this country and abroad. Mr Barker, after his engagement with Cavallé-Coll terminated, took the direction of the business of Daublaine and Callinet, afterwards Ducroqueh (now Merklin and Schutz), and exhibited an organ here at the International Exhibition of 1851. He carried on business for some time in Paris on his own account, and amongst other instruments built that in St Augustine's Church, in which he introduced the electric action. When the Franco-Prussian war threatened the destruction of Paris, Mr Barker returned to this country, where he has since resided. He married Mlle Schmeltz of Paris, who survives him. About three years ago a committee of the principal organists and organ builders was formed for the purpose of raising a fund to provide an annuity for Mr Barker in his declining years, and a considerable sum was subscribed, bearing testimony to the value of his invention and the respect in which he was held.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Everyone has his or her detractors, and consequently it was not to be expected that M. Maurel, who recently made his *début* at the Grand Opera as the melancholy Prince in M. Ambroise Thomas' *Hamlet*, would be at once unreservedly and unanimously accepted. But he has only to wait. The impression he produced the first night was eminently favourable, and subsequent performances have more than confirmed it. His acting, too, is really fine and much enhances the effect of his singing. His next character will be that of Don Juan, in Mozart's masterpiece of the same name. Another first appearance at the same theatre has been that of M. Dereims as the hero of M. Gounod's *Faust*. M. Dereims made his first bow before a Parisian public in *Cinq-Mars* at the Opéra-Comique. He has since then sung in the French provinces and in Brussels. His voice is scarcely fitted for so important a part and for so large a stage, and he is inclined to overact, but, on the whole, the verdict was in his favour. The house was tolerably full, despite the snow, which materially damps people's desire to go to the play, and which has already caused managers serious pecuniary loss. M. Vaucorbeil's receipts must have suffered in one week to the tune of 20,000 francs. Several of his *confères* have temporarily closed their doors.

At the Opéra-Comique *La Flûte Enchantée* will soon give way to *Jean de Nivelle*, Mad. Carvalho having to be, on the 10th January, at Monte Carlo, where she will sing (with Faure) in *Faust* and *Hamlet*.—*Le Maçon* is in rehearsal; ditto, *La Part du Diable*, the latter for the *début* of Mlle Ugalde.

The Minister of Fine Arts intends asking the Chambers for a supplementary vote of 24,000 francs, to be taken from the balance of the grant to the Théâtre-Lyrique. This sum will be equally divided between the Opéra-Populaire and the Théâtre des Nations. M. Gustave Bertrand, manager of the latter, has resigned the post of musical critic on the *République Française*. His successor

is M. Octave Fouque.—There is a rumour current that a magnificent Italian Operahouse will shortly be erected (at a cost of some twelve million francs) between the Rue Lafitte and the Grand Opera, and that a well-known financier will give, as his contribution to the scheme, the building site, worth about two million.—The Minister of Fine Arts has bestowed a pension of 1,200 francs a year on the widow of Gustave Roger.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Graphic.")

Arrangements for the Festival of 1880 are steadily progressing. The Guarantee Fund amounts to nearly £10,000, which allows the Committee full scope for enterprise, while relieving them from all anxiety on a point of no slight importance. Mr Arthur Sullivan has chosen *Jonathan* for the subject of his promised oratorio; while the title of Mr J. F. Barnett's secular cantata is to be the *Building of the Ship*. Proposals were made to Herr Joachim Raff to furnish something new; but that too multifarious producer having so many other commissions on hand, was compelled, it is said, to decline "for the present." The late Henry Smart's *Jacob*, which, despite its rare merits, is but seldom heard in public, would in any case be more acceptable; and as, like Mr Sullivan's *Jonathan*, it is a short oratorio, one day of the Festival might be gracefully and profitably devoted to English sacred music. Both names are popular, and both works could count upon a warm reception. The unrivalled chorus which Leeds—itsself representing the nucleus—strengthens by delegates from other musical towns in the country, would delight in the task of studying and mastering two compositions of the sort from native pens. They have already shown the stuff of which they are made in Macfarren's *John the Baptist* and *Joseph*, the latter of which was written expressly for them. For reasons inexplicable, the one oratorio by William Sterndale Bennett (of Sheffield), eminent among Yorkshire musicians, would seem to be consigned to the *Index Expurgatorium*, although tolerably well known to most choral societies not only in Leeds but elsewhere throughout the country. Nevertheless, Bennett conducted the Leeds Festival of 1858, when the Queen presided at the opening of the Town Hall (where the performances are held), and composed his *May Queen*, the most charming musical pastoral of modern times, for the occasion. Deprived of *The Woman of Samaria*, the members of the Festival choir might, at least, find some consolation in preparing for next year's gathering another composition by one who, in his particular sphere, ranked among the worthiest champions of English art. With these zealous ladies and gentlemen, in fact, the task would be a labour of love. *Jacob*, moreover, has a special claim for such distinction, inasmuch as Henry Smart had some considerable share in designing and erecting the Town Hall organ, which Leeds amateurs rate so highly; and it must be admitted that since his so recent death but scant honour has been paid to his memory as a composer of whom the country has good reason to feel proud. The Festival will be conducted, as in 1874 and 1877, by Sir Michael Costa.

PESTH.—An original historical buffo opera, *Szekely Katalin*, words by Alexander Lukacs, music by Alexius Erkel, is accepted at the Folk's Theatre. The action is laid in the time of the Transylvanian Princes.—The programme of the first concert given this season by the Philharmonic Society included a Violin Sonata by J. S. Bach (arranged for string orchestra by J. Hellmesberger); Dvorak's "Slavische Rhapsodie"; Goldmark's overture to *Pentisilea*; and Beethoven's C minor Symphony.

BRUSSELS.—*Les Dragons de Villars* has been revived at the Théâtre de la Monnaie and well received. Mlle Blanche Deschamps, though deficient as an actress, did justice to the music of Rose Fricquet. The leading male characters were ably sustained by MM. Rodier and Soula Croix.—M. Jules Zarebski has given a concert at the Conservatory for the purpose of displaying the capabilities of the piano à clavier renversé, which he introduced some time since to the notice of the Parisians, and later at Rivière's Promenade Concerts in London.

MUSIC IN CAMBRIDGE.

The concerts of the Cambridge University Musical Society have lately attracted more than local attention, for reasons just and sufficient. They have been distinguished by a spirit of enterprise, and by an eclecticism adequate to the claims of an art which in these days suffers from prevalent lack of both qualities, while their merit in execution has by no means brought dishonour upon the famous University with which they are in some sort connected. The policy of the society's past is that of the present, and we have now to make mention of a concert—given in the Guildhall on Wednesday evening—which was of exceeding interest and value. Upon this fact we might base reflections extending far beyond the limits of Cambridge. It points, for example, to the probability that in a little while, if it be not the case now, those amateurs who wish to enlarge their acquaintance with music will have to turn both eyes away from London and towards the provinces. Manchester is notoriously far in advance of the metropolis, but special circumstances are involved in the pre-eminence of the great Lancashire city which makes its case exceptional. But even when we put Manchester aside, those who follow the course of music in other and less favoured provincial towns are constrained to admit the existence of a musical life apparently more robust than that of London. We say apparently, because the question is affected by conditions that tell unfavourably against a full manifestation of metropolitan taste. In this matter, as in many others demanding organisation and unity, a provincial town, over the whole of which a strong and dexterous "fisher of men" can cast his net, has an advantage not possessed by a "province covered with houses." Its musical societies become part and parcel of the economy of the place, taking a recognised position in the round of local entertainments. As a rule they do not clash with each other, and a committee, though it may not fly in the face of public opinion, has a considerable margin for enterprise, within which it can be confident of support for the sake of the institution and the credit of the city. In London there is nothing like this. What local pride, for example, animates our metropolitan millions, save, perhaps, within the narrow area governed by the Lord Mayor? About what civic institution do we care, except on November 9th, when the men in armour caracole under the shadow of "the banner of Mr Sheriff Portsoken (1724)." Which among us rejoices in being an elector of Marylebone as distinct from Finsbury; or is jealous for the vestry of St Pancras, or feels a thrill of sympathetic emotion at the name of St Dionysius Backchurch? Similarly, we have yet to learn that the Strand concerns itself a whit for the Sacred Harmonic Society, or that Kensington would shed a single tear were catastrophe to overtake the institutions located at the Albert Hall. In a musical sense, as otherwise, London is too big to be workable. It is a world, and one needs the capacity of a cosmic god in order to embrace it. By way of result we have, speaking generally, no other musical enterprises than those that live upon public taste and therefore must needs humour it. As was pointed out in our leading columns not long ago, there are one or two exceptions of infinite significance, because suggestive of a possible future, but the rule shows concert-giving in the light of a shop-keeping "interest" exposing for sale that which the public is most likely to buy. Is there no remedy for this? Must there perforce be musical finality, save as progress is encouraged by the well-meaning and deluded *entrepreneurs* who assume a better state of things and ruin themselves? Surely not. But those who look for a remedy must do so outside the trading societies, which stern necessity compels to work in the shadow of the next balance-sheet. From these it would be as unfair as useless to expect anything. What to do, then? This may be done. We have in London a large number of persons professing more or less of musical culture, and earnestly deprecating stagnation. How many of these are zealous for the art to the extent of an annual couple of guineas? Say a thousand, and assume that the thousand, having banded themselves together, subscribe each the amount just named, to be expended year by year upon first-class performances of new or unfamiliar works, without reference to any pecuniary return whatever. How much might be accomplished with two thousand guineas! Some may say that the course suggested would involve the establishment of a regular executive organisation, and involve the scheme in all manner of personal and professional jealousies. But this need not be. Let us suppose that the new society—which might well borrow a name from Vienna, and call itself the "Friends of Music"—limits its operations to the encouragement of musical enterprise by means of subsidies, for specific purposes, to existing concert-giving bodies. In such a case, and with judicious management, an immense amount of good might be done at a trifling individual outlay, and the peculiar difficulties affecting musical progress in London would, to a large extent, disappear. Till this scheme, or some other its equivalent, comes into action, the metropolis will compare unfavourably, society for society, with

many of our provincial cities, and, certainly, with Cambridge, whose notable doings on Wednesday have provoked our remarks.

The concert to which we refer carried its audience back to a time long before the principles which now govern musical development came into force. A short work by Brahms excepted, nothing in the programme was of later date than 1750. "Me voilà perruque!" said Mendelssohn after writing fugues, but the composers favoured at Cambridge were to the manner of pigtail and powder born. "And, therefore," it may be said, "their music was found dry and unprofitable." That, of course, is a matter of taste; but, answering for ourselves, we say, "Not at all," and even dare to express surprise that so little use is now made of the masterpieces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, especially of those belonging to the various Italian schools. Amateurs, who should be better informed, often forget that Italy, from a musical point of view, is now in its decadence, and that there was a time when its composers, combining the learning of the Germans with a melodic expression of which the Germans never dreamed, stood at the head of their art. What do our public know of these grand old masters—of Palestrina and Carissimi, of Allegri and Marcello, of Clari and Scarlatti, of Leo and Pergolesi? Next to nothing, yet it was from their works that Handel derived no small portion of the method which fascinated England; and to their influence our own Purcell was indebted for some of the qualities that justified the inscription upon his tomb:

*"Vixit Io et vivat, dum vicina organa spirant,
Dumque colet numeris turba canorum Deum."*

It is altogether a mistake to suppose that the works of the old Italians are unsuited for present use. Witness the "Dixit Dominus," for double choir and orchestra, composed by Leo, and performed on Wednesday night. In this masterly and beautiful Psalm there is not a "dry" page, nor anything old-fashioned in the sense usually conveyed by the term. It is music analogous to the music of Handel in his most melodious and genial mood; such, therefore, as every man having pretensions to taste delightedly hears. Who can dispute the majesty of the opening chorus, with its broad central theme, around which the composer groups full and splendid harmonic combinations? Or what may be found save to admire in the melodious air, "Donec ponam," or the quintet, "Dominus a dextris," which for perfect grace and charm vies with any work of later time? It is a good thing that this Psalm, dug out of the Fitzwilliam Museum years ago by Vincent Novello, has now been published in a cheap form, and a still better thing that a society has been found to give it public hearing after generations of silence not less inglorious than undeserved. Much other of the same sort, by the same composer, and on the same theme, awaits resurrection. Leo was fond of setting music to the "Dixit Dominus," and Fétis mentions no fewer than six examples, one on so large a scale as to demand two choirs and two orchestras for its performance. But the thought of what might be done in the direction of the old Italian masters is simply bewildering, through the vastness of the materials. As to this, the Cambridge concert was made still more suggestive by the production of Palestrina's motet, for double choir, "Hodie Christus natus est"—a work full of strength and majesty, and an exemplification of the fact that the highest expression is not incompatible with simple means. If the function of music be to "lift the soul to ecstasy," and not worry the mind into disgust, then this work of the great Italian is music indeed. With it was given a motet, "Es ist das Heil," in which Brahms has successfully imitated the style of his predecessors, and more than that—shown how, upon the ancient stem of a grave and dignified form of art, a good deal that is modern in harmony and treatment may be grafted by judicious hands. The form of the motet is simple. First, the theme of the chorale is announced by the sopranos, attended by somewhat florid five-part harmony, after which each phrase is given out by the first basses, while contrapuntally treated by the remaining parts. The effect of this is a little disjointed, but the sections in themselves are masterly, while the *coda* may claim to be both ingenious and beautiful. Evidently motet-writing is not a lost art; and all that it needs is more encouragement. The other works in the programme were Bach's Concerto in A minor, for violin, and Purcell's "Yorkshire Feast Song." At first sight it appeared rash for an amateur to essay a violin piece by Bach, but the Rev. F. W. Hudson, M.A., need not apologise for doing so either to the shade of the old master or to the substantial company of living witnesses. Had Joseph Joachim been present, it is likely that the performer would have received a hint to accelerate the *tempo* of the first and last movements, but otherwise Mr Hudson gave a surprisingly good reading of the work, and showed a mastery of his difficult instrument which many a professional might envy. The "Yorkshire Feast Song" brought the concert to an end in a most interesting manner. This work, we may here state, was re-published a while since under the auspices of the Purcell Society, and probably had not been per-

formed for very many years. Its interest—save, perhaps, to Yorkshiremen—is purely musical, the occasion which called it forth being one of many annual gatherings in London, for festive and charitable purposes, of the nobility and gentry of the county. It was first heard in Merchant Taylors' Hall, March 27, 1689, a few weeks after the proclamation of William and Mary, to which event the words refer. A good deal of quaintness marks the text. First, the town of York is belauded, and then the Yorkshire worthies have their meed of praise, especially for zeal on behalf of "renown'd Nassau." Finally, after a grandiloquent picture of the happy state of the realm, the poet winds up with a delicious example of the "art of sinking," and exclaims:—

"And as the chief agents of this Royal work,
Long flourish the city and county of York!"

The interest of this has, of course, evaporated, save such as appeals to the antiquarian; but Purcell's music is real and living, marked by the characteristics of his best style, and full of manly, strong expression.

Much might be said of it, as, indeed, of all its gifted composer's important works; but the pleasant task must yield now to the duty of recognising how fitting it was for Cambridge to espouse the cause of our English master. Purcell, it is true, had no direct connection with the University; but he found there, long since, some of his warmest champions. The "Orpheus Britannicus," published by the composer's widow, contains a short poem, in Purcell's praise, by Mr J. Talbot, of Trinity, and an interesting letter upon the master, much quoted by Hawkins, was written by Dr Tudway, who filled the chair of music, and was organist of King's College. Dr Tudway, a schoolfellow of Purcell's, knew him well, and the two remained through life on terms of intimacy. Not without fitness, therefore, was the "Yorkshire Feast Song" revived at Cambridge, and not without singular propriety may other of Purcell's works find an audience in the University town.

Respecting the performances generally we can say little that is not praise. The band, large enough for the room and not too large for the choir, played with spirit and effect. The soloists, Miss Thorndike, Mrs Stanford, Miss Helene Arnim, Rev. L. Borrisson, Mr Wing, and Mr E. Thorndike, sang their novel music with zeal and accuracy, while the chorus won the highest praise for an all round efficiency that would compare not unfavourably with the best in the land. The sopranos especially were excellent. Mr Villiers Stanford conducted in his usual capable way, and to him must be ascribed much of the success of a notable evening.

WAIFS.

The stock of musical copyrights and plates belonging to Mr Henri D'Alcorn was recently sold by auction. "Angels listen when she speaks" brought £50 12s. (Ashdown & Parry); "Bradshaw's Guide," £47 15s. 6d. (Willey); "The Frenchman," £108 (Ashdown & Parry); "Immensikoff" Quadrille, £66 14s. (Ashdown & Parry); "I'll be all smiles to-night," £119 (Ashdown & Parry); "I am so volatile," £96 (Jefferys); "Mister Noah he built an ark," £35 (Willey); "Silver Herring," 50 guineas (J. Williams); "Perverved Proverbs," £99 (Ashdown & Parry); "Recollections of Scotland," £26 (Jefferys); "Rural Gleanings," £28 16s. (Palmer); D'Alcorn's Dance Album, £38 8s. (Willey); "Twilight" Schottische, £45 (L'Enfant). The catalogue also contained a number of Arthur Lloyd's comic songs, of which "My Wife's Relations" fetched £96; "Married to a mermaid," £92; "Song of Songs," £39; "The Schoolmaster," £66; "Take it, Bob," £36; "Upper Ten and Lower Five," £52 10s.;—all being purchased by Messrs Ashdown & Parry. The sale realized £2,798 3s. 6d.

Carmen continues attractive at the Teatro Bellini, Naples. Sig. Ponchielli's *Gioconda* is still filling the Politeama, Genoa. M. Faure has been singing at Liège and Lille, en route for Monte Carlo.

Sig. Bottesini has returned from America, and was recently in Milan.

Carl Goldmark's *Königin von Saba* is to be produced at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Herr Friedrich Grützmaker, the Cologne violoncellist, has been playing at Warsaw.

Herr Popper, the violoncellist, has returned to Vienna, and joined Herr Grün's Quartet Evenings.

Herr Richard Lewy, many years chief inspector of the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, has resigned.

A one-act buffo opera, *Un Tenor jubilado*, has been produced at the Teatro de la Zarzuela, Madrid.

Sig. Smareglia's opera of *Preziosa* will be performed at the Teatro Comunale, Trieste, during the carnival.

After spending a few days in Milan, Verdi has returned to his permanent winter quarters in Genoa.

Mdlle Marie Krebs has received from the King of Wurtemberg the large Gold Medal for Art and Science.

Hans von Billow lately gave in Cologne a Chronological Concert embracing composers from Bach to Rubinstein.

A new musical periodical, *Le Ralliement*, has appeared in Brussels, as special organ of the Belgian musical societies.

A three-act buffo opera, *Die Mormonen*, music by Herr Brandl, has been produced at the Carl-Theater, Vienna.

Mr Max Strakosch begins his Italian operatic season in New York, at Booth's Theatre, January 19th, with *Aida*.

The Rhenish Musical Union has again offered a prize of 1,500 marks for the best composition for orchestra and chorus.

After concluding his engagements with Herr Hermann, Maurice Dengremont will apply himself exclusively to serious study.

Herr Adolf Klauwell, author of numerous popular works of musical instruction, died on the 21st ult., in Leipsic, aged 61.

Mr Mapleson has made arrangements for a season of Italian opera, to commence on the 29th inst., at the Boston Theatre, Boston (U.S.).

Anton Rubinstein's earlier opera, *The Demon*, has not been so cordially greeted in Moscow as but recently was his *Nero* at Ham-burgh.

The hero of M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* at the Imperial Theatre, St Petersburg, will be M. Bouhy; the Ophelia, Mad. Vitali.

Herr Stägemann, having retired from the management of the Stadttheater, Königsberg, is now singing at the Theatre Royal Stuttgart.

Remenyi, the violinist, and Joseffy, the pianist, contemplate giving conjointly a series of concerts in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* is about to be performed at the San Carlo, Naples, with Signora Rubini and Sig. Aldighieri in the two leading parts.

A new musical journal, *Nordik Musik-Tidende* (*Musical Journal of the North*), written in Norwegian, has been started by Carl Warmuth, of Christiania.

The negotiations with Herr Jäger having been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, *Siegfried* will be performed in the spring at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Mdlle Marie Wieck and M. Paul Viardot, after playing together at a concert, were serenaded by the students at Upsala. The lady is making a tour in Norway.

Mad. Carlotta Patti's American tour, in company with her husband, M. de Munck, and the pianist, Ketten, appears, from all accounts that reach us, to be prospering.

A new concert-overture, entitled *A Recollection of the Past*, by Mr Charles E. Stephens, will be performed at the next concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, on the 16th inst.

The Emperor Wilhelm has conferred the Gold Medal for Art and Science on Mad. Ristori, who has just concluded a triumphant professional tour through Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

The concert-tour of Mdmes Wilt and Essipoff was brought to a premature close at Brünn, in consequence of the illness of the first-named lady, who will not, for some weeks, resume her professional duties.

The famous concerts at the Conservatoire began their fifty-third season on Sunday week. The feature of the programme was Schumann's Symphony in C, which had never previously been heard at these select *réunions*.

The once so much neglected Berlioz, now that he is dead, is having fair revenge. His opera, *Les Troyens* (a failure at the Théâtre Lyrique) is now being given *entire*, both at the Concerts Populaires of M. Pasdeloup and at the Châtelet, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup's rival, M. Colonne.

M. Musin, the violinist, has met with great success in his tour through Belgium. In Brussels he played at M. Michotte's *soirée* and at the Waelput concert. Their Majesties the King and Queen of Belgium at the conclusion sent for M. Musin, and expressed to him the pleasure they had received from his performances.

Boieldieu's once so popular *Jean de Paris* has been revived at the Vienna Imperial Opera House; but, though well performed, and its merits extolled by the local critics, the general opinion seems to be that it is too small a work for so large an arena. This may account for its having been received with a certain degree of apathy.

Mr C. S. Barker, originator of the pneumatic and electric actions as applied to organs, died recently at Maidstone, aged 72. Mr Barker, in his sphere, was a man of note, although so little favoured by fortune that a fund was instituted, some time ago, by our leading organists and organ manufacturers, with the object of helping him in his declining years.—(See another column).

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Andante, from the Quartet in D minor	...	Mozart.
Passacaglia, in B minor	...	Couperin.
Military March, in D major	...	Beethoven.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 13th:—

Toccata, with Pedal Solo, in F major	...	Bach.
Barcarolle, from a Quartet	...	Spohr.
March in the Dorian Mode	...	Alex. Guilmant.
Organ Sonata, in G major	...	W. T. Best.
Allegretto, from the Sixth Quartet	...	Haydn.
Overture, <i>Le Duc d'Orléans</i>	...	Auber.

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